

Blind Date

Title of the show is Blind Date. Pulled from facination of random meet up with strangers and the presentation of a graduation show. The works aim to evoke a sense of unease and invite reflection on perception, interiority, and the limitations of surface-level interpretations.

I had never been addressed by a total stranger on the street before, perhaps because I tend to look down at the sidewalk when passing people. But one day, and it was a very ordinary day, a bald man with rubber-like skin tapped me on the shoulder. He pointed at the graphic on my T-shirt and asked, "Your only face?" I shook my head to tell him he was wrong. "Your only family?" Wrong again, and this time I said it loud and clear. I started walking backwards and looked him in the eyes. We made a telepathic agreement that this question would remain unanswered. Meeting this man reminds me of another experience. Due to inner turmoil and chaos, I decided to return to psychoanalysis. After a couple of internet searches, I found a collective of analysts who operating from the same building (nineteen women and one man). Fingers crossed that the man wouldn't be the first to respond, but of course he was. A month later, I found myself sitting in the waiting room, watching the various analysands going in for appointments with the analysts I actually preferred. Small beads of sweat hitting the woolen carpet and the salt would definitely leave marks or stains. Minutes felt like hours, and I felt like a kid again. In primary school, the teacher had two types of punishments. We were either sent to the corner to stare at the wall until we calmed down. Or, in a situation like this waiting room, we would be placed on a bench next to the principal's office. I spent many hours on that bench instead of in the classroom. Someone tapped my shoulder, and it was him. He was old enough to be my father and handsome enough to be someone's lover. He pointed in the direction of the office. To cut a long story short. Months went by, and I walked many miles during the insane number of sessions. Let's say I walked a thousand miles. One day, however, as I walked down the hallway from the waiting room to his office, a strange thought hit me: What if we changed the power dynamic? What if I could be him and he could be me? What would happen to our relationship? When I entered the room, he was sitting in his usual armchair. There were two choices when entering his office. I could either sit down in front of him, facing the window. Or, I could lie down on the divan and he would move to the armchair next to my head. On this day, however, I decided to sit in his armchair next to the divan. He said, "You want to shake things up, don't you?" He looked right through me.

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Lurking both above and below, 2025

Wood, wool
400 x 125 x 42 cm / 350 x 125 x 42 cm



Lit first meeting arranged by Nina, 2025

Diaphanized catfish, tupperware, plexiglass, spotlight
dimensions variable



Time-out discipline, 2025

Inside-out werewolf mask
25 x 20 x 17 cm
ed. 3/3



Chest piece, 2025

Oil, acrylic and modelling paste on wood, silkscreen on paper
370 x 140 cm



Met the famous, the controversial, and the not-so-admirable, 2025

Digital video (live), camera, tripod, monitor
dimensions variable